

Silent Worker

Published by the New Jersey School for the Deaf

Vol. XXIX. No. 5

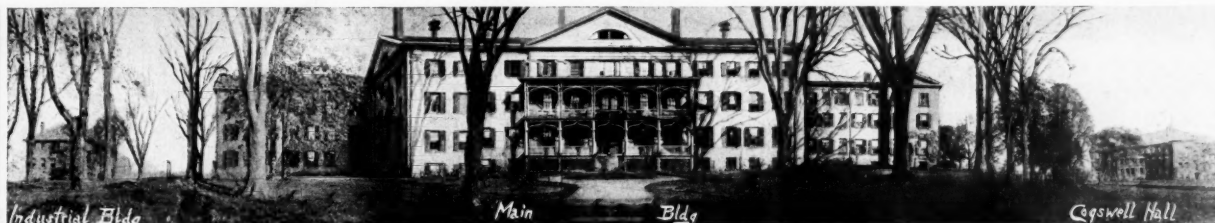
Trenton, N. J., February, 1917

5 Cents a Copy

THE COMING HARTFORD CONVENTION

Hartford
School
for the
Deaf

First School
for the Deaf
in America



Meeting
Place of the
Teachers'
and
N. A. D.
Conventions
June 29-July
3 to July 7

THE TWENTY-FIRST MEETING OF THE CONVENTION

128 Woodland St., Hartford Conn.,
October 23, 1916.

To the Members of the Convention of
American Instructors of the Deaf.
Dear Friends:

At the last meeting of the Convention held at Staunton, Virginia, the authorities of the American School for the Deaf at Hartford extended a most cordial invitation to the Convention to hold its 1917 meeting in the first school for the deaf established in America.

It has seemed to the Executive Committee most fitting that the Twenty-First Meeting of the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf should be held in the school established one hundred years ago and should join with other organizations, as far as possible, in celebrating this anniversary.

The days of the meeting will be from June 29 to July 3 inclusive. The programme for the meeting is being prepared and will be published in the **American Annals of the Deaf** as soon as possible.

On July 4 the authorities of the school have invited the National Association of the Deaf and the members of the Convention to join in a special celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the foundation of public instruction of the deaf in America.

The Committee urges a large attendance at the regular meeting and at this special celebration as well.

Cordially yours,

E. M. GALLAUDET,
President.

TENTATIVE PROGRAMME OF THE TWENTY-FIRST MEETING OF THE CONVENTION OF AMERICAN INSTRUCTORS OF THE DEAF

AMERICAN SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF
Hartford, Connecticut

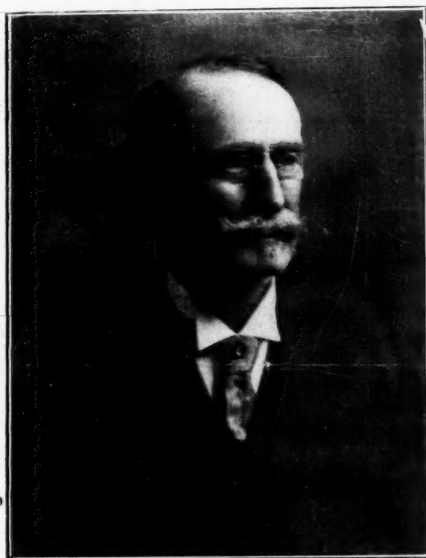
Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday,
June 29, 30, July 1, 2, 3, 1917

Friday, June 29
General Session

Opening of Convention Dr. E. M. Gallaudet
Address of Welcome
Response Dr. N. F. Walker

Kindergarten section

MRS. A. RENO MARGULIES, Chairman
Friday morning, June 29



THE GRAND OLD MAN
of educators of the deaf
Dr. Gallaudet needs no further introduction.

Paper: "Some Recent Educational Experiments and their Relation to Schools for the Deaf," Mrs. A. Reno Margulies.

Discussion

Paper: "The Reconstructed Kindergarten (Illustrated)," Miss Patty Hill, Director, Department of Kindergarten Education, Teachers' College, Columbia University.

Discussion.

Paper: "Montessori Education Continued in Elementary Grades" (with demonstration of Dr. Montessori's new material for children from 6 to 9 years of age), Miss Bertha Chapman, Director, Elementary Department, Montessori School, Washington, D. C.

Discussion.

General Discussion of Kindergarten Questions, in charge of Chairman of Section.

Daily Illustration of Rhythm Work with very young children in class room, by pupils of Mrs. Margulies.

Demonstration of Beginning Work, by pupils of Rhode Island School, directed by Mrs. E. G. Hurd. (a) Development through Montessori Method Applied; (b) Method of Communication; (c) Development of Voice, Tone Work. Miss Thomason; (d) First Efforts at Expression; (e) First Articulate Speech and Language.

Industrial section

DR. WARREN ROBINSON, Chairman

Friday evening, June 29

Address: Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor.

Paper: "Discussion of the Results of Agricultural Instruction in the Schools for the Deaf in the U. S. and Canada," Supt. E. McKay Goodwin.

Discussion.

Paper: "Agriculture and the Deaf; Statistics, Opinions, and Suggestions by the Deaf of the Country," Dr. Warren Robinson.

Discussion.

Paper: "What Part is the Deaf Woman to Play in the Agricultural Movement among the Deaf?" Miss Elizabeth De Long.

Discussion.

General Discussion of Industrial Topics.

Joint Agricultural Exhibit by the Schools and the Deaf of the Nation.

Friday evening, June 29

Reception by Principal and Mrs. Wheeler

Saturday, June 30

General Session—Announcements, etc.

Paper: "Gallaudet College and Vocational Training," Dr. Charles R. Ely, Professor of Natural Science, Gallaudet College.

Discussion.

Paper: "Physical Education for the Deaf," Miss Hannah Lucas Matthews.

Discussion.

Normal section

MISS SARAH HARVEY PORTER, Chairman

Saturday morning, June 30

Address: Dr. John Dewey, Columbia University.

Paper: "Language Teaching," Dr. S. G. Davidson.

Discussion.

Paper: "Number Work," Mrs. T. F. Driscoll.

Discussion.

Paper: "The Training of Teachers of the Deaf," Dr. A. L. E. Crouter.

Discussion.

Lectures on Normal Training, Mr. A. J. Winnie, Director, Department for Training Teachers of the Deaf, Milwaukee State Normal School. Number work illustrated daily by Mrs. Driscoll with pupils of the Hartford School.

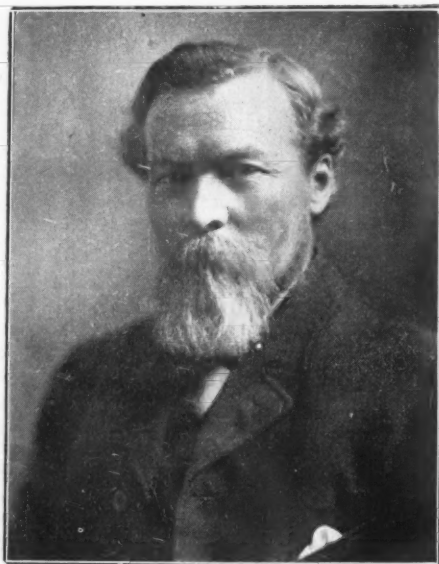
Art section

MRS. O. A. BETTS, Chairman

Saturday afternoon, June 30

Programme will be announced later

THE SILENT WORKER



MR. ABEL S. CLARK

For many years a teacher in the Hartford school, now retired. Mr. Clark keeps up his interest in the school and gives lectures in the chapel periodically.

Saturday Evening, June 30
Dancing in gymnasium

Sunday, July 1

Sermon for the Deaf, by deaf minister.
Paper: "Religious Training," Rev. Utten E. Read.
Discussion.
Paper: "Ethical Training," Mr. J. A. McFarlane.
Discussion.
Paper: "Training in Manners," Miss Pauline Jones.
Discussion.
Sermon by Hartford minister on lawn in evening.

Auricular section

MISS PATTIE THOMASON, Chairman

Monday morning, July 2

Paper: "Teaching the Deaf Child to Hear."
Discussion.
Round Table Discussion. Topic: "The Partially Deaf Child—A School Problem."
Paper: "The History of Auricular Work in the New York Institution," Principal E. H. Currier.
Discussion.
Demonstration by pupils of New York Institution in charge of Miss Amelia E. Berry.
Paper: "Examination of Hearing by Means of Tones."
Discussion.
General Discussion.

Monday morning, July 2

Business Session

Reports of Treasurer and of Executive Committee.
Election of Officers.

Monday Evening, July 2

Moving Picture Exhibition in the Chapel
Entertainment by members of the Convention.

Oral Session

PRINCIPAL E. C. GRUVER, Chairman

Tuesday morning, July 3

Paper: "A Plan for Measuring the Improvement of the Speech of Deaf Children," Dr. Harris Taylor.
Discussion.
Paper: "Suggestions for Improving the Quality of the Voice," Demonstration; Class-Room Exercises for Voice Development; Inflection, Miss Pattie Thomason.
Discussion.
Paper: "The Muller-Walle System of Lip-Reading," Miss Martha E. Bruhn.
Discussion.

Paper: "Possibilities of Education of the Deaf-Blind," Illustrated by Oma Simpson, a deaf-blind pupil. Miss Sophia Alcorn.
Discussion.

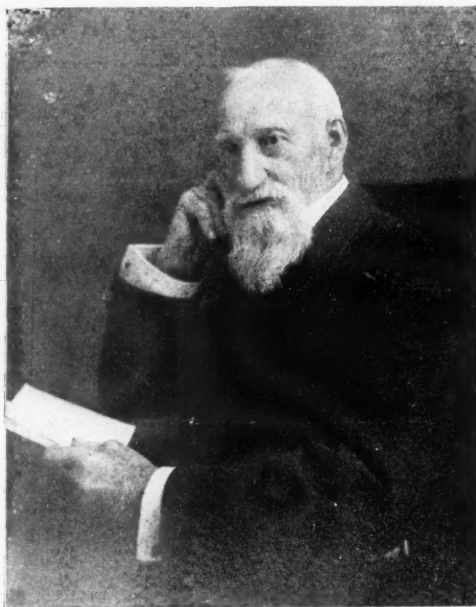
General daily practice work by pupils of the Hartford School.

CONVENTION NOTES

BY PRINCIPAL F. R. WHEELER

Judging from the number of applicants received from former pupils of the Hartford School for rooms and from letters received from the deaf of other states, the N. A. D. Convention and the Anniversary Exercises will be largely attended. Not so much is known, however, about the number of Superintendents, Principals and Teachers, who plan to attend the Convention but no doubt many more will come to Hartford than went to Staunton in 1914.

The tentative program as given out by the Executive Committee shows that the meetings next



MR. WILLIAM WEEKS

Of deaf teachers of the deaf, though now retired, Mr. Weeks claims the record against all comers for length of service, vitality and good cheer.

We planned to show pictures of other interesting people in and about Hartford in this issue, but on account of modesty or other reasons the pictures failed to reach us in time.

June will be unusually helpful to all interested in the education of the deaf.

Hartford is a good city for the Convention as the Union Station is near the American School and all of the large hotels are within a few minutes walk. Many places of interest can be visited both in and near the city and those desiring a steamboat trip can go down the Connecticut River on the New York boat in the early evenings as far as Middletown and return by trolley.

The School, with its old Main Building, built in 1821, and other interesting relics of former years, will be the center of attraction especially for those who live at a distance and have never visited Hartford. A room will be furnished entirely with antiques. The office chair formerly used by Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet and the attendance book which shows that Alice Cogswell was the first pupil admitted to the school will be on exhibition in this room.

The Legislature now in session has been asked to appropriate \$150,000 for a site and new buildings. If this appropriation is made steps will be taken at once toward the building and equipping of a new plant outside of the city and necessarily the present site will be abandoned so



MR. FRANK S. WHEELER

Principal of the American School for the Deaf

The Hartford school, while a very old one, believes in new blood and in Mr. Wheeler's virile type are combined in almost ideal proportions the advantages of excellent professional training in our very highly specialized work and several years of valuable business experience gained entirely outside of it.

that all interested in the old school and the founding of Deaf-Mute Education in the United States should plan to attend the Convention and Anniversary Exercises next summer.

THE CENTENNIAL HYMN FOR THE
"HARTFORD CELEBRATION."

Inasmuch as only one centennial of any one institution or place can be attended within the life-time of the average mortal, it seems to me that the coming celebration at Hartford, undoubtedly the greatest gathering of the deaf which will take place during the life-time of the present generation, offers an exceptional opportunity for all deaf poets and pen pushers to spring into immortal fame by writing the centennial poem, for a copy of the centennial poem will be included among the papers about the celebration to be kept for posterity and moreover it will be printed in the Centennial Celebration Book which will be published describing the celebration.

The following Celebration Hymn is largely modified from Whittier's "Centennial Hymn" which was sung by a chorus of 1,000 singers at the Centennial Celebration of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia, Pa., in 1876. The hymn fits so well in the coming celebration of the deaf that it has been largely used to mold this one which is presented for competition.

It is only fitting, it seems to me, that "Our fathers' God" should have the chief place and first mention in the hymn.

THE HARTFORD CENTENNIAL
HYMN

"Our fathers' God, from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet today enlightened, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank thee for the era done;
To trust Thee for the opening one.

Here where of old by thy design
Gallaudet heard the word of thine,
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of freedom from ignorance' chain.
In love and praise to Thee from all
The ends of earth the deaf we call.

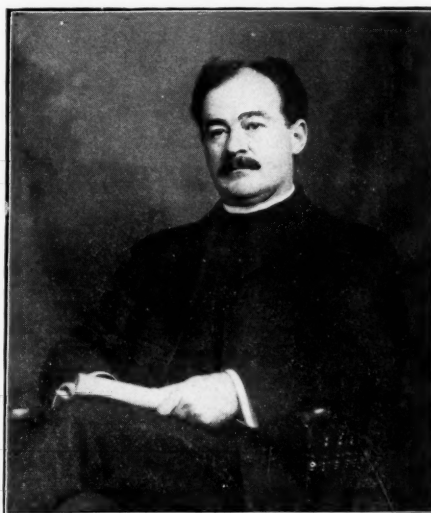
Be with us while enlightened, blest,
The deaf East calls the Golden West,
To north and south; 'cross ocean's main,
The answer brings the glad refrain:
"Dear Hartford School, we love thee well,
With praise and pride our bosoms swell."

TRENTON

By MILES SWEENEY



The Rev. C. O. Dantzer was tendered a reception at the Trinity Episcopal Church on the evening of Monday the 27th of January last. The affair rather ill-compensated Mr. Dantzer's long and unselfish service; an infinitely greater and more deserving reward, let us hope, awaits the man who after laboring year in and year out with unstinted, unabating



REV. C. O. DANTZER

zeal and with neither thought nor desire of recompense has earned the love and thanks of us local deaf.

In his response to the address of welcome, Mr. Dantzer related at some length the work he does in his chosen field, and made it plain to all present that, contrary to ordinary supposition, the life of a minister of the gospel is no picnic. For my part, I consider the man of religion quite as important and as indispensable to our well-being as the man of science—perhaps more so. We are slowly coming to a realization that science and religion, long supposed antagonistic and irreconcilable, are in fact interdependent: science without religion is like a ship lacking a pilot; religion without science is like a pilot lacking a ship. But to quit philosophizing and return to our beloved pastor—

In the course of his most enjoyable address, Mr. Dantzer took occasion to vary it with anecdotes of both humorous and pathetic nature, selected from his rich store of personal experience and from his extensive travels. I cannot here reproduce those interesting narratives without doing injustice to that charm of manner in which they were originally presented: it would in other words be like dangling a skeleton before your very eyes, which, I presume, is about the best thing to dampen one's interest. Besides, another digression.

Let us therefore once again embrace our beloved pastor, this time in parting. His appeal, as he wound up his address, for more interest, more activity in church matters, let us not ignore. Ah, would that we a thousand times rather flock to Christ's standard than to that of Mars, which latter has for its logical end the annihilation of the human race! Let us try and learn to treat an enemy so well that he becomes a friend; such in effect is Christian conduct, such the influence of the Church, and such the importance of a minister of the gospel.

After refreshments were served and the reception well nigh over, Mrs. George S. Porter moved for a vote of thanks to Miss Mary Wood for her able conduct of the affair, which vote was unanimously given.



On the Sunday preceding the aforesaid event, religious services were held in the afternoon, im-

The night wind cool, which softly blows,
Carries with it where e'er it goes,
As 'round the sacred shrine we throng,
The love and praise, our silent song;
Our greetings warm to the deaf afar,
The wind is our triumphal car.

O, make thou us thru centuries long,
In peace secure; in justice strong,
Around thy gift of knowledge draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law;
And cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old."

The first and fifth verses are largely Whittier's verses modified. The "night wind cool," of the 4th verse, may not be fully appreciated as a messenger these cold, windy days, but in summer, in Hartford, the climate is warm and often hot and those attending the lawn festivals with its hundreds of Japanese lanterns during the celebration will fully appreciate the cool evening breezes after the warm day.

E. E. R.

OUR DEAF-MUTE WORK

One result that can be expected from the organization of "Provinces" is the more careful consideration of the various departments of Church activity, co-ordination, prevention of waste through neglect or overlapping; above all, putting the entire strength of the Church in a particular province behind one and another of these "causes." Notably is this already a fact in the Province of Washington with reference to missions, religious education, social service. To its friends (who have been by no means too numerous) it will be gratifying to learn that the work among the silent people is to have "the entire Church of our Province back of it." We ask a careful reading of the following letter from the Rev. Dr. Arthur C. Powell, of Baltimore, secretary of the Commission on Deaf Mute Work in the Third Province, which has been sent to all the missionaries among "the silent people." Speaking of the meeting of the Synod last November in Richmond, Dr. Powell writes:

"The Standing Committee on Work Among the Deaf made a full report, in which was set forth the splendid work which the deaf clergy had hitherto carried on. It was shown that there are more deaf priests, congregations and communicants in this Province of the American Church than in any other; but that hitherto there had been little unity or uniformity in the fields, salaries or labors of the five priests.

"The committee stated that it would be an ideal arrangement if all of the five deaf priests could be retained and their labors confined to this Province, especially as they are all intimate friends and sympathetic co-laborers; but the committee felt that this ideal arrangement could not be adopted at present for lack of financial support. It therefore suggested that the Province be sub-divided into four fields, as follows: First, the Dioceses of Pennsylvania and Delaware. Second, the Dioceses of Bethlehem, Harrisburg, Erie and Pittsburg. Fourth, the Dioceses of Washington, Virginia, Southern Virginia and West Virginia.

"These recommendations are only recommendations. They have no binding force; but they have behind them the judgment and the influence of the Province, and this is something which the Deaf-Mute Work has never had before. The committee is assured that the Province will back the committee strongly in its efforts to formulate and support this important work among the silent children of God.

"Almost all the bishops of the Province were present at the Synod and expressed their sincere desire to co-operate with the committee, and the committee feels that it has at last won for the work among the deaf that recognition which it has so long lacked and so greatly needs.

"The committee, consisting of those long interested in this special work, desires each deaf priest to feel that he has a band of sympathetic friends in this body, and that his interests from this time forth will receive careful attention."—*The Church News of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, Feb. 1916.*

mediately followed by an illustrated talk. Our pastor and Mrs. Dantzer then became the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bennison for the evening and all day Monday.



Out of a population of over 100,000 Trenton has only some 50 deaf—a rather lean showing. It is therefore interesting to note that Mr. Robert Heller and family, of Lambertville, N. J., will move to Trenton in the near future. That will help fatten us some. But oh, you brother Henry, why don't you and numerous yours follow suit?



Without doubt many of you have heard of the "Courtship of Miles Standish," one of the most romantic and touching tales in American historical literature. You remember how the grim, gruff but valiant Pilgrim warrior, out of an excess of shyness, was fool enough to commission young John Alden, gifted with especial graces of speech and person, to go and win Priscilla Mullens for him; and how this vicarious wooer unwittingly won that comely maiden for himself instead. Yes, you remember that story; but, how many of you are aware that a modern Priscilla stalks among us—and she deaf? I do not mean merely a girl who answers the description of that famous character, but a genuine descendant as well. My readers, Miss Fannie L. Bass.

Miss Fannie Bass, though a Vermonter, has spent so much of her life in Trenton that we may reasonably claim her as our own. Educated at the Clarke School which is in Northampton, Mass., she is now studying at the New Jersey State Normal School in the daytime and in the Trenton Art School at night, with aspirations of teaching in some school for the deaf. Deaf, she nevertheless manages to hold her own with her hearing co-students, and stands forth as a shining example of the pure oral method.



Can it be that a new brood of impostors are at large? We are all familiar with the man of seedy appearance and unshaven face who approaches you in plaintive mood with one hand outstretched and the other pointing to a placard on his breast bearing the words "I am deaf." In such cases all you have to do is to fire a few signs before his face and if he doesn't understand, he's—

Well, how about a suave, well-dressed gentleman, bland, with wits sharpened and person magnetic; who is well studied in "preparedness" as attested by a readiness to answer you every argument with ones equally plausible, either by writing or by repeated displays of "finger-fireworks?" It happened that one such gentleman entered my place of employment one Saturday afternoon and coolly shoved a neatly-typewritten paper before my nose reading substantially thus: "Won't you please help one who has lost his hearing thru scarlet fever and along with it his job as a stenographer, and who is at present endeavoring to collect funds in order to take a course in mechanical drawing?" Oh, if I had only known stenography, the rest might have been easy! Who among us know stenography any more than Chinese? But now for the sign-language, oft tried and, as I hear, never found wanting in such cases. I tried it. Then parries the gentleman, plying his fingers in admirable fashion: "Don't talk to me that way. I seldom go among the deaf and for that reason little know their sign-language. I have been deaf only two years. Were you born deaf?"

What else could I do but give the gentleman the benefit of the doubt. Isn't it better to err on the safe side, mused I, and straightway dug down into my jeans to give quarter—both in deed and in coin.

But no sooner had the gentleman left than a fellow employee comes along and says to me,

"Is that man deaf?"

"Apparently so; he spoke to me on his fingers in a creditable manner."

"And do you know that the fellow was here some five of six years ago and for the same purpose?"

Ugh! And isn't that the limit?



A goodly number of Trenton deaf are planning to go to the Hartford convention.

THE SILENT WORKER



THE MISSES FANNY BASS AND ANNA CAMPBELL

Indulging in a little fun after a snow-storm. This will remind our sportsmen that the Bass season will soon open. See the point?

Edward S. Ragna, Bachelor of Science and teacher at the School for the deaf, smiles as he talks, talks as he smiles, and unlike the typical professor of science he doesn't show any bald pate, bushy eyebrows nor big whiskers—why no, but a handsome set of milk-white teeth.

♦ ♦

To have for a "valet" President R. C. Stephenson of the New Jersey Association of the Deaf—isn't it enough to make one feel bigger than the President of the United States? But I am sure this thought never occurred to the Rev. C. O. Dantzer on his way to the depot after the reception we gave him, accompanied by "Steve."

♦ ♦

The Bowkers have a dog named Fanny that faints for joy most every time you visit them. It is hard to say that those fainting spells may be otherwise attributed to old age, for Fanny is already approach—"sweet sixteen."

NEW JERSEY PICK-UPS

The Trenton Silent Workers, composed of pupils from the New Jersey School for the Deaf came home for their Christmas holidays on December 23, last, and invaded the Jersey City Y. M. C. A. for a game with the Original Silent Workers basket-ball team, and were given a severe trouncing with a 59-9 score. Garland and Dixon were the chief point getters while Hansen and Mac Nee with five goals were also there. Hester put up a good game too, while McClelland and Ciampaglia were the only boys on the losing aggregation who brought their shooting eyes home.

The visitors were handicapped by the slippery floor and minus their regular players.

Birthday parties are numerous now-a-days around Hudson County. A few days ago one was given to Mr. Erwin B. Earnest, and in a few days again another took place at the home of Miss Belle Carpenter. Mr. Earnest was surprised by his many friends on the evening of January 12th and presents were showered upon him. A hundred games were enjoyed and then the refreshments came in. Every body got a large piece of birthday cake made by Mrs. Earnest. Other goodies were served.

Wedding celebrations come next. Two prominent deaf-mute couples will celebrate their wooden and tin weddings in the future.

Mr. Joe Corello, a former pupil of the New Jersey School, is an auto-motor assembler at the Spark and Plug Co. in Bloomfield.

Mr. Adolph Krokenberger, of Paulsboro, has purchased his father's farm on which he has worked steadily for nineteen years. He enjoys a good living raising garden truck for the New York and Philadelphia markets.



MRS. IRA E. WORCESTER

Stamford, Conn.

A New Jersey girl; before marriage Miss Grace Apgar, of Trenton. She can boast of "slinging" type for the Silent Worker years ago.

Robert Heller, of Lambertville, has been retired at the Rubber mill there, on account of poor health, and with his family has moved to Trenton, where they will live permanently with their son-in-law. Mr. Heller has been employed at the Rubber mill since 1892 and bears an excellent record.

Walter J. Hall of Ridgely Park, N. J., is employed as press cylinder feeder (or a cutting and creasing press feeder) by the Downingtown Paper Box Co., in East Downingtown, Penna.

Newark Division No. 42 of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf will hold a "Winter Picnic" at 210 Market Street, Newark, Wednesday evening February 21st, at eight o'clock.

TYPES OF CHILDREN OF DEAF PARENTS



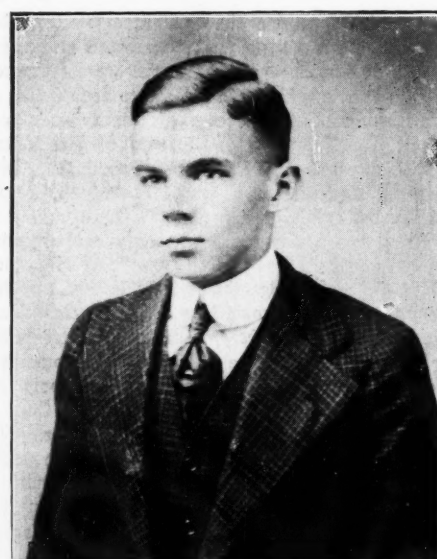
A. L. Pach, Photo.

MISS FLORENCE HODGSON
Youngest daughter of Mr. Edwin Allan Hodgson, the distinguished Editor of the Deaf-Mutes' Journal. Oh, yes, she can hear.



ELIZABETH J. TRUNDLE
taken at the age of 20 years

A Graduate of Columbia University, New York, Class of '15; now Vice Principal of a High School in Maryland. Possesses excellent hearing.



HENRY C. TRUNDLE

A student of the Wilmington Conference Academy Dover, Delaware, Class of '17. Both Elizabeth J. and Henry C. are children of Mr. John A. Trundle, of Centerville, Maryland. Can hear.

NADFRATITIES

By J. FREDERICK MEAGHER

PERSEVERANCE

Bide your time and keep on plugging,
There's a goal for you to gain;
But the prize is not for people
Who would lag and yet complain.
Curb ambition when its rampant,
Just maintain a steady jog,
For you've got to be a tadpole
Ere you grow to be a frog.

—St. Paul Dispatch.

Bide your time and keep on trying,
If at first you don't succeed;
You must learn by constant striving
To be worthy of your feed.
Don't give up or be discouraged
After every little jolt;
Ere you get to be a wheel-horse
You have got to be a colt.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Bide your time and keep on paying
Dues to Frats and N—A—D—;
Day and night they both were laying
Plans to serve you faithfully.
They will greet you gladly, sonny,
Better hustle, now, and join—
For you've got to pay your money
Ere your widow gets her coin.

...

The more knowing scoundrels the Impostors are,
The more they know that silence is golden.—Missouri Record.

Also that "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage?"

...

The first mail vote for officers of the N. A. D. is now in progress and will be watched with interest. Every paid-up member has one vote, which counts for as much as the vote of any other member. The most prominent candidates for president at the time this is written are Cloud, Howson and Tilden.

One man who will be elected practically unanimously is Secretary Arthur L. Roberts, the live-wire of Olathe Kansas. President J. C. Howard, of Minnesota, should be a director, in which post his wide knowledge of conditions will be invaluable. The composite of the other offices is a topic of discussion in every gathering of the deaf.

...

Until the N. F. S. D. amends its constitution to admit women, a good equalizer is the Sphinx Club of San Francisco.

The Sphinx is really the social side of Division 51, dues being twenty-five cents a month, or three dollars a year. After paying the dues of all its members in both National and State Associations, the club has a neat balance left for hall rent and expenses of entertainments—entertainments which are certainly unique and entertaining. The club uses the Frats' hall three Saturday evenings a month, Division 51 meeting there in secret the fourth Saturday.

This idea is worth trying elsewhere.

...

Whoever wins it looks like the next N. A. D. president, and first vice-president, will be selected from the "Jim" family.

One coincidence is the similarity of the names of the present president and the "pride of California."

**Jay HOWard
Jim son**

Then too, ex-president Olof Hanson has daughters named Alice and Helen. So has Jim Howson.

As Howson and Cloud have proven the two best State Chiefs on our Impostor Bureau, the Impostor crusade is not likely to suffer, whichever is elected.

...

Are you a Nad? Are your dues paid? If not you can't have the joy of casting your ballot. It is not too late to send your dollar to Treasurer Harely D. Drake, Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., and ask him to rush you a ballot slip.

This means YOU.

Plans are well under way for celebrating 100 years of achievement in the education of deaf Americans on the site of Gallaudet's first school, Hartford, Connecticut, next summer. As several conventions come

is one of the screen's daintiest stars. It is unfortunate that the author of the "Nadfratities" in the SILENT WORKER will be unable to make a report because Huff is not a Nad-Frat.—Michigan correspondent in the Journal.

That squib might make some men feel huffy—
Feel huffy and stuffy and toughy,
But if Huff's a wise lad
He will join the Nad,
And send Gib five-dollar-bills puffy.

...

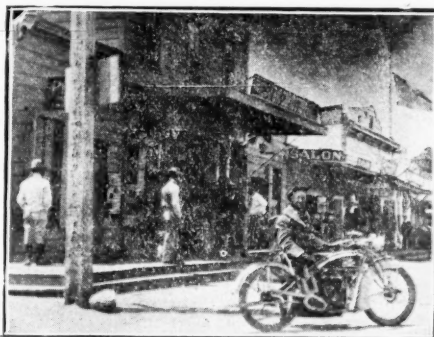
There was a school teacher named Walker
And he was an incessant talker;
He sought needed relief
Through the *Palmetto Leaf*,
And found it, did Walker the talker.

—W. S. Camp in Illinois Advance.

Will Camp, he's a publisher plump,
On Walker the talker did jump,
But the *Palmetto Leaf*
Brought our Czar Camp to grief
With a sickening thud and a thump.



HOLE AND NORTON
After doing 1222 miles in 48 hours



HOLE IN A HOLE
Ti Juana, Mexico

in a bunch around July 4, the great crowd should furnish ample incidents to make the trip well worthwhile.

...

They say that—

Jay Cook Howard combs his hair with a garden rake. President Wilson has written approval of the Howson plan.

Ira Todd once traveled as the dwarf with Ringling Bros.

Vernon S. Birck was so named from his brick-red thatch.

Owen G. Carrell is going to enter his favorite plow horse in the Lationa Derby.

A. J. Sullivan used to swing towels for his namesake, the great John L.

Matt McCook is the best two-legged base runner outside of organized baseball.

"Dummy" Taylor turned down a \$8,000 contract to manage the Cincinnati Reds.

Charles D. Seaton will claim the reward offered for "getting Villa dead or alive." [Now Charlie, come back at him. Hit below the belt if necessary.—Ed.]

Osmond L. Loew once paged a fourteen-inch trout in an 87,000 acre lake with a three-inch worm.

Dr. J. H. Cloud used to vote for W. J. Bryan, and free silver believing "every cloud should have a silver lining."

Ivy M. Robinson has received lucrative offers from the Kaiser to succeed Field Marshall von Hindenburg.

While chasing a burglar in his pajamas, one night, E. W. Frisbee was mistaken for Sir Rabin-dranath Tagore.

But strictly between you and us, we don't believe a word of it.

Louis Huff, of Joliet, Ill., has a half sister who was a famous opera singer of Denver, and at present

Making slang respectable is what the teaching profession, which is supposed to be the guardian of the purity of our tongue seems to be doing. Time was when the professors frowned upon even the slightest departure from correct English in the strictest sense of the term, but it is only lately that a professor in a large university was reported to remark jocularly "Slang is no good; cut it out."

What thus has lowered our grammatical standard? The great national pastime is pointed to as the chief offender in this respect. The professors have become baseball fans, and their speech has become infected with the jabber of the diamond. It matters not that the average professional baseball could hardly pass an examination in English, (it is doubtful if some of them can write a decent letter) he sounds smart and that's what catches the popular ear.

In a previous issue we spoke of slang being introduced into the best literary company. It has even got into the pulpit. But wherever else it is made at home it should be rigorously excluded from the school room, except where it takes the modified form of idiomatic expression. Teach the child pure English first and if it must acquire a mongrel language, let it be in after years when it will do less harm. It is bad enough having college students using cheap, slangy expressions, but when the little tots begin to talk that way it's time for educators to wake up and call a halt.

The use of slang at its best is defended by a certain author on the grounds that it is poetic. Let us have more poetry in our language but not the jangling doggerel of vulgar slang.—Ala. Messenger.

MAYOR WORKED A MIRACLE ON DEAF-MUTE BEGGAR

When E. H. Ward, of Toledo, was taken into custody by the police on suspicion several days ago, he was deaf and dumb, he wrote on a piece of paper to the authorities.

He walked from the city building able to hear and talk.

When Mayor H. H. Kaps offered to suspend a heavy workhouse sentence if the man would hear what he said, the prisoner suddenly found his hearing and speech. The mayor kept his word.—The North America, Philadelphia.

FOR THE HARD OF HEARING

Any hard-of-hearing person can secure literature that may prove helpful, by addressing the Volta Bureau, 1601 35th Street N. W., Washington, D. C. They do not give medical advice, they have no medicines or instruments for sale, and they do no teaching.

Henry Bull and Mark Hanna have got poison oak on their faces. They now look like round watermelons.—California News.

EXCHANGE

✱
Editors, as well as teachers and pupils, should be admonished to consider the high cost of paper.

✱
The lighting bug may be brilliant
But he hasn't any mind;
So he blunders through creation
With his headlight on behind.
—The White Elephant.

All's Not Said Yet, Tho'

Now, after all is said in its favor is the rythm work worth while? Like a good many other things in our profession it is spectacular—catchy, but as a pedagogical entity is it entitled to serious consideration? Will it be a consistent assistant as a stabilizer of the voice?—Florida School Herald.

✱
If you read our alumni columns you will notice the frequent mention of auto trips by our farmer alumni and the exchange of frequent visits between deaf farmers via the auto route. Casual tho these statements are made, they indicate a condition of prosperity that exists upon the farm as nowhere else among the deaf. And apropos of the auto, it has greatly lessened the isolation of the deaf farmer which was always one draw back to him.—The Hawkeye.

Selected Tarts

✱
When in doubt, sleep on it.
A cure for cold feet—"get a move on you."
Pays in dollars and doesn't cost a cent—a smile.
It is better to perform more than you agreed to, rather than less.

"The things we get for nothing usually cost us more than the things we buy."

A man who makes good doesn't have to boast about his ancestors.—Vulcan Bulletin.

Those peculiar things the boss does may have a very good reason behind them.—Axiom.

Two Men on Four Wheels

✱
Mr. Oscar Larson and Mr. Carl Samshal were two arrivals in Seattle from Minnesota they having come all the way in Oscar's Maxwell car. Oscar is using his car to advantage in seeing the sights usually taking as guide Mr. Gustin, who is a pioneer here. Carl has found work in a lumber camp. Oscar speaks of going to California later on with his brother Levi. If he does not find in the far west any opening that promises better than his old job in Minnesota, he will return to it.—The Companion.

Nature Faking

✱
Here is the way the bees behave down in Texas. We have it on such good authority as the Lone Star's reporter.

BEES

The bees hatch from eggs.
The eggs hatch into tiny worms and each worm spins a cocoon around its body. When the cocoon opens a bee comes out.

The bees live in houses called beehives.

There are three kinds of bees.

—From a pupil's composition.

Struggling for Popularity

✱
It is reported that Ernest Thompson Seton, the well-known writer of our out-door stories and organizer of the "The Woodcraft League" for boys and girls, recently made an address to the students of Gallaudet College in which he used many natural signs.—Silent Hoosier

Now it is about time for some one to suggest that authors should all learn signs and the manual alphabet as they could make themselves so much more universally understood that way than by writing it out laboriously in English.

Sidney Smith

✱
Sidney Smith, a popular young man of Council Bluffs was killed by a hold up man Monday evening, January 8th. Mr. Smith worked in his brother-in-law's drug store at the corner of 6th St., and Broadway and was delivering a package about nine o'clock when he was met on Mynster St. by the supposed hold-up. As he was alone and there was no witness events leading up to the shooting are speculation.

It appears that he was met and told to throw up his hands. Failing to do so because he did

not hear the order, he was shot through the heart and killed instantly. People within a block of the place heard the shots, three in number, and hastened to the place and found Smith dead.—The Deaf Hawkeye.

Too Much Reform

✱
Mr. Curran and Mr. McManus spent their Saturday half-holiday in artistic pursuits. Among the objects examined was a fine new public building. The feature of this building that appealed most strongly to Mr. Curran was an inscription cut into huge stone.

"MDCCLXXXVIII," he read aloud. "What does them letters mane, Tim?"

"That," replied cultured Mr. McManus, "stands for 1898."

"Oh," replied Mr. Curran. Then, after a thoughtful pause, he added:

"Don't yez think, Tim, that they're over-doing this spellin' reform a bit?"—Chicago Herald.

Deaf Barbers Again

✱
One of our contemporaries has raised the question why there are not more deaf barbers. We are interested to know the reason. Barbering is, and ought to remain, a good occupation until the human race becomes bald-headed and bare-faced. Moreover, it is a trade in which deafness ought to be an asset, not a handicap. The average business man would much prefer a silent barber, so he can close his eyes and devise new means of increasing the high cost of living, while he is being shaved or tonsured. There are only a few deaf barbers in Minnesota. The most noteworthy example is Mr. Luke Dolye, of Stillwater, who has been at it for more than twenty-five years past. He has his own shop and a house of his own, and his services are in demand. Why are there not more like him?—The Companion.

And Again

✱
Yes, but the Western Pennsylvanian on the other hand is sure that barbering is soon to become a lost art owing to the rise of modern inventions. All right, Mr. Pennsylvanian may be able to shave himself with a safety razor without cutting off his own nose to spite his face—we can—but we should like to see the implement yet invented, with which he could cut his own hair and then come out and face society again till his locks had grown out.

Their Way

✱
"We're a tollable economical family at our house," admitted Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Arkansas. "Wife, she cuts my hair, and me and her take turns at cutting the hair of the children except Rip and Coonrod and Jefferson Davis, the three oldest boys. They're going with the girls considerable, and say it hurts their social standing to have their heads look as if they had been mingling in a fight with wildcats."

"Wife also tries to cut down my clothes to fit the children in regular rotation, but it hain't altogether a success. But, anyhow, we do middling well, with the aid of economy and a sense of humor."

"Aw, yes! I forgot to say speaking of cutting one thing and another, that the children have always cut their own teeth as they came to 'em."

—Tom P. Morgan in Judge.

A Sample of New Jersey Grit

✱
Newark, Jan. 24.—Mrs. Grace Hargraves, young wife of Policeman Foster Hargraves, of Bloomingtondale, is not only a good cook, a good housekeeper and a good mother, but she's truly her husband's helpmate.

So she donned her husband's uniform when he came home ill the other night, strapped his night-stick to her wrist and patrolled his five-mile country "beat" for three hours in the sleet and wind.

Incidentally she locked up two suspicious characters she found loitering around the fire house, and then went around to the village jail the next morning, handed each a big sandwich and a can of coffee and made them promise they would leave town and never come back.

And they did.—Trenton Times.

✱
Here is an advertisement that we are going to be generous enough to print free, part of it, though that is not supposed to be good journalism as a rule. It was gleaned from the columns of

one of our exchanges and for right forceful expression of an idea and driving it home, and then some, it is hard to beat. It is about:

English Taught by Mail

✱
Did you ever stop to think that it is a disgrace not to be able to express yourself in good, plain, correct English? If you make queer, outlandish, funny errors in your language, it is your own fault. It implies laziness, or lack of effort, and neglect in your youth. You are only half-educated. That is plain: everybody can see it. You cheated yourself and your school out of the other half, and made a chump of yourself.—Ex.

Try the Dictionary

✱
It would tend to enhance existence if some informed person having had to do with boys in the printing offices connected with institutions for the deaf would tell how to teach the proper division of words, if it may be possible to teach such to the deaf. Our boys here in the Illinois school probably average up with boys in other schools. They do not, that is a majority of them, have any more conception of the proper division of a word at the end of a line of type than a crow has of property rights. This lack is readily understood. What is wanted is information respecting a method which will enable one to give them instruction and information which will tend to lessen the exasperating results of the defect. It is not exaggeration to assert that more than half the divisions made by the printer boys are wrong. Of course it is practically impossible for one who does not hear speech to have accurate knowledge of the syllables which compose words. Evidence of this lack of appreciation of syllable may be seen in almost any issue of any school paper which may be looked over. We have our ear to the ground.—Illinois Advance.

Who's Who

✱
William James threw a ball so high the other day that it lodged on top of the Manual Arts Building, and he had some difficulty in gaining possession of it again.—California News.

Nothing but the rumble of traffic four floors below and the occasional questions of the attorneys distributed the quiet in Judge Cordes' branch of the civil court this morning.

Paul Kruger, a deaf-mute, was testifying against Henry Warschauer, a real estate operator because, he avers, the ceiling in Apartment 4 of the Honeymoon flats at 1401 Walnut street, fell, striking him on the head.

Motions indicating a falling section of plaster striking him on the head, together with the finger signs to amplify statements, furnished most of the testimony for Mr. Kruger. He was lighting his pipe when the plaster fell, it was said.—From Evening Wisconsin in Wisconsin Times.

A Progressive Move

✱
The below is an item printed in the Wingfoot Clan, a little newspaper published weekly in the interest of the workmen, as follows:

Goodyear deaf-mutes are to have an opportunity to further their education, according to an announcement last week by Manager Craig-mile of the Factory Schools.

There are in the neighborhood of two hundred of the "silent boys" now included in the roll of Goodyearites, and to make the Factory School a place where every Goodyearite may have an opportunity to improve his education, the new division has been opened under the direction of Ashland D. Martin, himself a deaf-mute and a graduate of Gallaudet College. So far as is known, this is a new departure for "corporation" schools.

Mr. Martin is well-known to Goodyear mutes, having worked here for several months as a tire finisher. He is at present engaged in visiting the silent workers, explaining the new school to them and inviting them to join. Seventy-five have signed up to date, and it is expected that nearly the entire roll of mutes will take up the work, for they are much interested in their own future. Any of the mutes who may be overlooked in the canvass of the factory, are invited to call on Mr. Martin at the office of the Factory School on the seventh floor of Building 25.

The subjects which will first be taught in schools for mutes will be business, English and arithmetic. If these classes are successful, more will be added later. It will take a week or two to get the men organized for classwork, but they will be started on their studies at the earliest possible moment.—Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

✱
Haste, the millennium when all humor will be spontaneous.—Stuart W. Knight.

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

BY ALEXANDER L. PACH



HERE has been frequent mention of Mr. Thompson-Seton in The Silent Press of late. The gentleman was in attendance at a dinner at the Hotel Martinique the same evening The Gallaudet Alumni had their banquet, and in the adjoining banquet hall. Mr. Thompson-Seton passed us twice while we were chatting in an adjoining parlor but if he noticed us he did not let on.

Under the old order of things the men in the National Association of the Deaf who got the rewards were the ones who had done the work. The big offices went to the men present at the meetings because they had been present at the other meetings and had shown real interest. After seeing a man hustle at Norfolk, St. Louis, St. Paul, Colorado Springs, and knowing of his work between meetings and appreciating the sacrifice he had made in time and money, elevation to office followed in natural course. Now, with this "mail order business" we witness the spectacle of nomination of a man for the big office of President, who has never attended a regular meeting of the National Association of the Deaf and only attended a special meeting when it was held in his own city. All will concede that he hasn't been a member long enough to entitle him to the honor, and I think it is cheapening the Presidency of the National Association if an election can be brought about under the circumstances.

I do not know the gentleman I am referring to, and he may be, and no doubt is capable of conducting the high office as it should be conducted, but I do know the office and I know what President Howard and his predecessors did to earn it, and what they did to hold it and I for one resent its going to a "rank outsider."

Local Committees in the past have always been able to secure regular auditoriums in which the deliberations of the National Association were held. At Cleveland, we had a regular convention hall in the Hollendan Hotel; at Colorado Springs, the splendid chapel of the Colorado School, at St. Paul, in the State House and at St. Louis in a High School, and the other meetings were all held under circumstances in which seating arrangements, lighting and ventilation were all that one could look for. The Hartford meetings for the first time ever, are to be held in a church. If it were the gathering of a religious organization of the deaf I doubt even then that it would be satisfactory, for churches are designed for normal people, and we who must hear with the eye, need well lighted and well ventilated assembly rooms, and seating arrangements that will make session, of six, seven or eight hours a day endurable and few churches are so arranged. Another consideration is that there are a great number of people who have ideas of their own regarding churches other than their own as meeting places for an organization that is secular in every sense of the word, but whose deliberations are opened and closed by ecclesiastics of every denomination.

Another feature is in the great public whom we must constantly instruct and who must not be allowed to form wrong impressions, and for this reason if for no other the Local Committee should "hire a hall."

Nominating a President of the United States is always done in an auditorium consistent with the purpose to be accomplished. Even if a Church was big enough it would not yet be a proper place to hold a political meeting, and, by the same token, the deliberations of the National Association should be held in a place not only appropriate in itself, but with the facilities for using our eyes to read what goes on as well arranged for our needs, as acoustic properties are designed for those who hear with their ears.

I have been waiting for some one else to protest. Nobody has, so, "I will be the goat!"

[While we publish the above out of respect to the views of our contributor, we wish to add that it does not represent editorial views; and, furthermore, close personal knowledge of local conditions in Hartford enables us to state that we know the Local Committee to be under a heavy strain already, financial and otherwise, in view of the enormous undertaking ahead of them. They did not take the initiative in inviting it, offering bonuses and that sort of thing, but they are responding to the demands of hospitality to the best of their ability and with a royal good

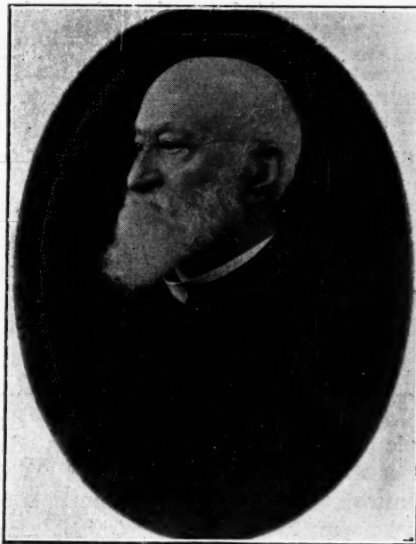


Photo. by A. L. Pach.

The Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain, Vicar of St. Ann's Church, who on December 7th last celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his priest-hood as well as the golden wedding anniversary of his marriage. As a token of love and esteem a purse containing \$20 in gold was presented to him by the members of the church.

spirit. It is customary for guests to accept what is offered them with a show of appreciation, whether it be in a log cabin or a palace, and not look a gift horse in the mouth.—Ed.]

In its so-called "Magazine Section," the Paramount program recently offered a catchy picture called "A lesson in lip-reading." A title was shown telling something of the art of reading speech by the movement of the lips, then there were illustrations on which a pretty girl shown "close-up" spoke to the audience asking them to guess what her lips formed. I saw her do it on the day of Admiral Dewey's funeral—and by an odd coincidence she repeated Dewey's command to Captain Gridley at Manila Bay: "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley!" only she said "shoot" instead of "fire." Then she sang a verse from a popular song, "There's a little bit of bad in every good little girl," which the audience evidently caught on to for their faces "registered joy." It was a happy thought and a welcome novelty to use lip-reading on the screen in this manner.

HIGHER ARITHMETIC (From our own Silent Worker.)

There are four deaf-mutes employed at the Edison Laboratories in West Orange. They are William E. Shaw, Electrical; Joseph Westwood, assembler Dictating machines and the Misses Rose and Amelia Barbarulo, Records.

Some years ago I had the pleasure of arguing the

Editor of the World Almanac out of classifying the Deaf, and the Deaf and Dumb with Defectives, in that publication, and since then this has been corrected. Now I find I have got another grievance, and a marked copy of this paragraph to the editor will do the work of correction. The Almanac for 117 gives the names and addresses of both the New York Institute and Lexington Avenue School under the heading "Asylums and Homes in New York City." The World Almanac is such a valuable, nay such an almost indispensable publication that is a pity to see such lamentable breaks appear, but the good feature is that the mistakes, when corrected, are corrected for good.

Lots of people know nothing of golf. I might be more accurate if I made the statement that few know anything about it. Until last summer I thought it was a silly game to give well-to-do people an excuse to take a walk over country fields, and aimlessly knock a ball about along the way. I had an idea that they employed caddies to carry their sticks because they were too lazy to carry them themselves or to show off that they were too proud to. One may unlearn a lot on a golf course, and that's what happened to me. A golf enthusiast invited the publisher and me to ride to his club, which happens to be the Shawnee, on the banks of the Delaware not very far from the famous Delaware Water Gap. Our friend was once a crack amateur billiardist, and when once is a crack at billiards, one falls into the Golf thing easily, I judge. We were invited to follow the players over the course, and we were warned not to speak aloud when a ball was about to be struck, and also to keep an eye on players behind, and keep out of range of balls, as it is no joke to be hit by one. The course is an eighteen-hole affair, and though it was a sweltering hot day at two P. M. going over the course was just an easy little hike—that's what we thought. At 5:30 P. M. the game was over, and we had been walking for two and a half hours, and were "some tired." We learned everything but how to hit a ball, and how to keep score. A caddie is a mighty handy invention that helps out by locating the ball on long shots, hunting it when it is lost, and having the right stick ready to make the right shot. There is a wonderful fascination in the game, and I am not surprised at its popularity. At one putting green the player must send his ball over the Delaware River, and though a boy patrols the river in a boat, he does not earn so very much recovering balls. Golf has nothing on fishing, to my way of thinking, and isn't nearly as exciting, but the two together make a great combination. My ideal for a vacation—morning's fishing and afternoon's golf. So far as I know, very few deaf people go in for the golf game, but more of them ought to. One must follow the players a few times to realize the sport's real meaning.

JACK LONDON PLANNED TO HEROIZE THE DEAF

Nine days before Jack London died, the W. A. Tilley visited him in company with Douglas Tilden, the world-famed deaf sculptor, and Granville Redmond, the celebrated deaf painter. They were cordially entertained by the great author, who invited them to spend a week in his "Valley of the Moon" next summer.

Mrs. London since wrote to Howard L. Terry, the Santa Monica poet-photo playwright, that on London's death the skeletonized "dope" of a story with a deaf hero was found by his bed.

One of London's last novels, "The Sea Gangsters," had a deaf sailor, "a poor, twisted oaf," who was charitably delineated.—The Washingtonian.

One principal part of good breeding is to suit our behavior to the three several degrees of men: our superiors, our equals, and those below us.—Swift.

Silent Worker.

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TESTS

Away with tests; away with contests, baby shows, beauty shows, poultry shows, cattle shows, fat stock shows, county fairs, horse races, foot races, foot ball, base ball, mumble-peg and marbles! Success in all these things is merely the result of training or some sort of luck of the winners—we can't exactly explain what but at any rate it is basically unfair and deceptive and dishonest.

While we are at it let's get rid of that fiasco of medical inspection of school children for eyesight defects, tooth decay and all the rest of the trap and nonsense of these modern days. 'D like to know who is better fitted to look after the welfare of children than their own flesh and blood, and larn 'em, too, for that matter.

Statistics!—why, man alive, don't you know figures lie?

To Honolulu with scientific research! We're educators, we are, and it's beneath our dignity to stoop to notice such concoctions of the devil.

Efficiency tests—believe it was tests we started out on, but we got off the subject. Beg pardon! Sometimes we wander.

SOAP SUDS

Deaf boys have hearts even if their heads do sometimes lead them off on a side excursion from the straight and narrow path.

This is a true story. One of our schools for the deaf had once upon a time a new superintendent, who, by the way, was "new blood," too. He had the strange notion that the boys ought to do some of the work about their dormitory building, but they not un-naturally took the opposite view of the situation, since they had been accustomed to sit round in rocking chairs and watch some one else do it at the expense of the state in the good old days before his coming. Things came to a climax one day when he detailed off a certain number of youngsters to scrub

a porch floor. "They were no scrub women" and, as becomes gentlemen of high degree, they flatly struck.

Mr. Superintendent was middle-aged and dignified, in fact almost inclined to fleshiness but without further ceremony he peeled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and trousers, picked up the pail and scrub-brush and set to work just as if he had been earning his daily bread in that manner all his life.

Now that sight might have appealed to your sense of humor and mine, if we had been privileged to see it, but not so with those deaf boys. Looks of shocked surprise were communicated from one to another at the sight of the superintendent—their beloved though misguided superintendent—there on his knees slashing soap suds around as if he were in his element. Next expressions of mutual self reproach and accusation were flashed around. Then one after another ran up to him beseeching him to go back to the office and let them do it instead. He persisted a little while longer but before he had time to get half way through with the job he had more volunteers than the porch could accommodate.

HAPPINESS

Laying aside for the moment the questions of success and efficiency, what deaf people are the happiest, those educated in oral or those in combined schools? While not attempting to pass upon the question ourselves we are, with permission, reproducing the following extract bearing upon the subject in the annual report of the **Silent Mission** of our long-time friend, Rev. George H. Hefflon, the "Bishop" of New England, we always call him, so wide is his field and so large his flock.

These Silent Mission services are conducted in the sign language and finger spelling. The sign language is now standardized and in book form like a dictionary, and can be purchased for \$2.00 by anyone. It is in some of the public libraries. All our deaf now are taught to speak and to read the lips in all our deaf schools. And it is a very great advantage to the deaf to be able to speak, even if the speech is not normal. And always it is an advantage to be able to read the lips. But lip reading is a great strain on the eyes and faculties of attention, and tends to grow more so as we grow older and eyes weaken and tire. And no deaf man or woman whosoever can long read speech from the lips without experiencing great mental fatigue. But signs are writ large in space and to the deaf who know this language it is a great relief and satisfaction. Among the deaf themselves it is the easiest, surest and happiest method of thought communication. Some deaf disdain to learn signs, and are they themselves happier, wiser, or any better off than those who do use signs? No. The all-round, broad-minded, best type of an educated deaf man and woman in these days is the one who can use both methods of thought communication; can speak and read the lips so as to take his place among the hearing people to some extent, and can use and understand signs and be at home with the great majority of his fellow deaf. The

strongest opponents of the sign language, and those who are most intolerant of it are the hearing relatives, and friends and teachers of the deaf who themselves know nothing whatever of deafness by personal experience, who themselves could not read another person's lips to save their lives. They are mistaken about this matter of signs, and their deaf find it out sooner or later. The deaf world now is a very large nation-wide in scope, and with large funds. There are lodges for the deaf—one There are periodicals for the deaf, weekly and monthly. There are Church services for the deaf. There are Homes for the Aged Deaf. There are school Alumni Associations for the deaf. There are many social gatherings of the deaf everywhere, and in all these gatherings the sign language and finger spelling is used. Hence, a deaf person who does not know the sign language loses a great deal. And the longer he lives the more he loses and the more lonely and dissatisfied he becomes. Total deafness, and even partial deafness, is a great affliction. But God in His loving Providence has made it easy for us, and of His abundant love and grace for our souls, there is no end. Our great deprivation shall all be made up for us in the Life Eternal, for God is Love, and God is just.

Your Servant in Christ,

G. H. HEFFLON.

We are sometimes told by people who ought to know better that school papers such as ours ought not to devote much space to the writings of, or news items about, our pupils, as they are of no interest except to themselves and their fond parents. Isn't there a story somewhere in a great Book of some learned doctors who sat at the feet of a little Child twelve years old and learned things they never knew before?

Below is a story reproduced, somewhat contracted, from one of our exchanges, simply the story of a pupil's life as told by herself. While it contains details of personal and family history which may not be of great interest to the world at large, it nevertheless has real literary merit and universal appeal as an interesting and accurate word picture of a prairie childhood. The story follows:

My Autobiography.—I was born August 29, 1899, on a farm near Johnson, Minnesota, being the fifth in a family of six girls and one boy. My mother was born in Ireland, coming to this country with her parents at the age of sixteen. My father was born in Boston, Massachusetts, of Irish parents.

When I was five, we came to live on a homestead near Mohall, North Dakota. We children were very fond of life on the prairie. We often wandered several miles from home while gathering flowers.

When I was five my youngest sister came to gladden our home. My two youngest sisters and I had a playhouse out in the field where we spent most of our time. One day wishing to cook vegetables we started a small fire in an old stove. While we were gone to the house for water our playhouse caught fire and the flames spread to the dry weeds in the field causing a prairie fire which nearly destroyed our home. Mother and father, with the aid of the neighbors, managed to put out the fire before it did much damage.

On another occasion my little sister and I went for a walk. We got scared by a cow and started to run for home. We got into a very deep slough and my sister came near drowning. When seven years old, I began school, but after two weeks my eyes got sore and I was obliged to stay at home for two years. At the age of nine, I returned to school and continued my studies in the Mohall public school for three years.

Then we lost our father, and our mother took the three youngest of us to live with an uncle, near Johnson, Minnesota. The three oldest girls were then supporting themselves. I, with my two sisters, attended school at Johnson for four years, one sister and I graduating in June, 1915.

I had always been somewhat hard of hearing since I was a small child and after going to New Rockford, I became worse and could not go to school. I returned to Warwick in February, 1916, and lived with my sister until August, when I went to Rochester Minnesota, for medical attention. From Rochester I went home to live with my mother who was in poor health, the two younger girls being at school in Granville, seven miles from home.

Upon the death of my mother on September 21, I returned to Warwick to make my home with my married sister. On her advice I entered the School for the Deaf.—Irene Murphy in the North Dakota Banner.

FOUR OF OUR EMPLOYEES IN PRISON!

Messrs. Ragna, Byer, Gompers and Kilpatrick of our school had the opportunity of making quite a thorough visit of inspection through the State Prison in Trenton one afternoon recently at the invitation of a personal friend of one of the number, employed at the prison.

As Mr. Ragna was the only one of the party not in officer's uniform the others cheered him with the assurance that he would be taken for granted to be a newly convicted prisoner being led to his fate in charge of three officers when the entrance gate was reached. He was game, however, and made no attempt at a break-away from his vigilant guards.

Various thrills, such as are held in stock for visitors, were served up to the members of the party, one, for instance, being the privilege of sitting for a moment in turn in a very comfortable arm chair of the ordinary appearing type but which turned out on closer investigation to be the much dreaded electric chair. All survived the shock. It is due to the sacred and awful presence of death in whatever guise it calls a man to meet his Maker, to state, however, that under ordinary circumstances this chair is draped with a black cloth and the chamber has about it the dignity and silence of the tomb.

Leaving the death-house one enters the dye-house just across the alley where, in decided contrast, various bright colored skeins are seen in preparation to be woven into rugs later.

Visiting the bakery all were allowed a nibble at prison fare, which certainly was as good bread as is met with "on the outside." To the question, doubtless a fre-

quent one from visitors, "Are the rations of the prisoners limited in quantity?" the guide replied, "No, they are allowed all the bread they want—and all the water." Ah! There's the woe of it. If only all their lives they had allowed themselves unlimited quantities of water as a beverage, and limited it to water, who can say how many of them would not have been where they are today, poor boys, for many of them are little more than boys in years and appearance, even if old in experience.

It gives one a sensation, possibly some slight counterfeit of the feeling of a real "timer" to step into a cell and have the barred and grated door slid shut behind him, and locked. Then he can look out upon the little bit of the world visible, as the world looks in at him, and know how it feels, or imagine he knows.

A prison, of course, has its interesting characters, who must, even themselves, feel themselves persons worth seeing. A strapping young fellow, exercising in the yard on crutches, was pointed out as a recent arrival who had been shot in the foot while trying to commit burglary. Another with a face as innocent as child's we were privately informed was a lifer who had murdered most of his family. One-yearers and thirty-yearers alike smile at you as you rub shoulders with them through the corridors, with the hospitable attitude, almost, of hosts toward guests and you are overcome with the feeling that all there are just as human as you are, only their experience has been greater than yours, possibly, and sadder.

The various shops where rugs, shoes, uniforms, etc., are made by the prisoners were visited and seen to be very similar to factories for such products in the outside world. On the whole, as far as there was time to observe, things were clean and sanitary fully as much so as might reasonably be expected in such crowded quarters, for some of the shops, especially, certainly were crowded.

While no penologist, nor, on the other hand, possessed of an unduly morbid curiosity, the writer has visited state penitentiaries in a number of widely scattered places at various times, and, in justice it must be said, in none of the others did the lot of the men seem any easier than, if as easy as, here in New Jersey. Discipline seems to be mild. The men are allowed an occasional glance up from their work, an interchange of a look or a word of conversation with one another, or even with a visitor, if within eye and ear shot of the attendants. They smile at you and you at them, if so disposed, unrebuked. In some factories, where the workmen have committed no crimes, these privileges are not allowed, and certainly in some prisons not. The lot of the men, the visitor is convinced, is not as hard as it might be, we do not say, ought to be.

Good breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.—*Chesterfield.*

SCHOOL and CITY

Marion Bausman has been in Mercer Hospital having her tonsils removed. While there she received flowers from several friends and a very attractive basket of fruit. She is now recuperating in our own hospital.

Mr. Ammerman, the father of Irving Ammerman, is a member of the State Legislature and also chairman of the Appropriations Committee, so we hope to secure a sympathetic hearing for our appropriation needs this winter and have them placed in the most favorable light before the Legislature.

Mr. Rice and Dr. VanDyke of the State Board of Education gave our school a short visit of inspection on Thursday, Feb. 1. They were quite a bit taken up with some of the new things they saw and heard—particularly heard—for they joined the circle of children around the piano and could not drag themselves away till it was time to run for their train.

Next time we hope they can stay longer and make the complete circuit of our attractions.

Mr. A. E. Conley, of Syracuse, N. Y., and Mr. Samuel McAllister, of Groton, the same state, were visitors Saturday, Feb. 10th, and gave the pupils the pleasure of their presence at the party that evening. They are a pair of as substantial looking young deaf men as one would meet in a day's journey, with pleasing manners and splendid physiques, both of them. The latter is an old schoolmate of Mr. Gompers at Fanwood and an operative in the Remington works, while Mr. Conley is a happy combination of the peaceful occupation of an alfalfa farmer with the semi-warlike one of a professional wrestler. After going through the Rome School he spent two years in Gallaudet College and while there became for a time the champion wrestler of the national capital, winning the inter-collegiate tournament and others.

A HALF-TIME PUPIL-WORKMAN

Vito Dondiego is acquiring some valuable experience working for the Crescent Printing Co., of Trenton, on the half-time basis. He attends school in the forenoon and then goes down town and puts in a half day setting type. We are watching this experiment with great interest and hope that the time may come when several of our pupils may find similar opportunities along various lines of industry. There ought to be a great future for the half-time co-operative system of industrial education in connection with our schools for the deaf. Watch the idea grow.

MR. SHARP'S CLASS

May Lotz says that seven girls cooked "seven different kinds of griddle cakes" at the cooking lesson, on Wednesday.

The girls' first team and the teachers played a very interesting game of basketball in the gym. on Tuesday evening. Everybody "starred," and there was not an uninteresting moment during the whole twenty minutes. It was nip and tuck for a while but the girls finally took the teachers into camp by a score of 13 to 7.

We did not see the big Inauguration Day parade. We had other fish to fry.

Anthony Gronshuski says that he can

now make a good job repairing a pair of shoes.

Jessie Casterline made a biscuit the other day which so closely resembled Charley Chaplin that it made everybody laugh.

Saturday certainly was a bad day, Low Temperature and old Boreas being especially prominent. Had Jupiter Pluvius been present we scarcely know of anything that could have been worse.

Esther Woelper has the record for darning stockings in the mending room, having darned five pairs at one session there.

At the last session of the Busy Bee Club in Mrs. Kibbe's room, we were taught crocheting.

We have had a busy week in the cooking classes. On Monday, Miss Koehler taught us how to prepare a meal of broiled pork chops, mashed potatoes, peas, bread and butter, milk and banana sherbert; on Wednesday, she taught us to make chocolate layer cake with frosting; on Thursday, a plain cake with icing, and on Friday, Parker House rolls.

Last month was a banner month for Anna Campbell and Margaret Jackson among the movies. They saw both "Romeo and Juliet" and the "Darling of the Gods."

One of the girls in our class is quite gifted. She is a good cook, a good sewer and a good nurse. Can you guess who it is?

A recent debate in our Literary Society was on Suffrage for women. There is a growing sentiment among our girls in favor of it.

In another month Lorraine Pease will have a birthday.

The accumulation of old lumber in the attic of the Industrial Building has been taken for kindling, all it was good for.

Walton Morgan says the coal is a "shame." It has so much slate in it.

On Sunday afternoon, five of the girls accompanied by Miss Cornelius visited Marion Bausman at the Mercer Hospital. Marion has recovered rapidly from the trifling operation performed on her tonsils, and will soon be better than ever.

Peggy Renton has the record for shirt-mending in the Repairing Room, having put seventeen shirts in order in one period.

Robert VanSickle says that he found Jack London's "Sea Wolf" one of the most interesting books he ever read. He has started "The Last of the Mohicans," and we think he will find this just as interesting.

The debate in the Literary Society upon the respective faithfulness of the dog and horse was won by the adherents of the dog, although many good points were made by both teams.

Frank Madsen is greatly interested in his work and insists that carpentry is the "art of arts," exceeding in interest even "the art preservative." This is the right spirit to have towards one's vocation, and one that always brings success.

Jessie Casterline stars in all the games of basket-ball played by the girls and she will have few peers on the local teams if she keeps on improving.

MISS WOOD'S CLASS

The ground-hog may have seen his shadow, but we did not see the ground-hog see it.

Recent letters from Anna Robinson indicate that she is rapidly improving in health.

All of us are glad to know that it is now but a little while till spring. Another month and somebody will be parading the first daffodil.

Catherine Tierney was the guest of Esther Woelper at the movies, on Saturday afternoon.

Miss Taylor was a visitor last Monday and everybody was most glad to see her.

A little bird told us that we are going to have a party some evening soon.

Mary Siegel's sister had a birthday party one evening last week, and of course Mary was invited. She could not leave her studies at this time however, so she was unable to go, much to her regret.

We had another fire-drill, on Wednesday, and every child was out of the building inside of a minute.

Owing to the continued illness of Mrs. Zoltock, Pearl has not yet returned to school.

Anna Robinson has gone to Glen Gardner to spend the winter and probably will not return to school again this session.

In the absence of Miss Meany, on Thursday, Lillian Leaming and Ruth Ramshaw had charge of the officers' dining-room, and they did the honors with dignity and dispatch.

The girls showed great improvement in their game of basket ball Tuesday evening, and will soon class with any of the local teams.

During Marion Bausman's brief sojourn in the hospital, she was the recipient of a great many kindnesses at the hands of her school friends, among other things a big bunch of flowers from her class-mates and a basket of fruit from Miss Bergen.

Our examinations have come and gone, and while we did not get high averages, we are all quite satisfied with the results and glad they are over.

A snow-ball battle between the "Germans" and the "Allies" took place in the yard on Saturday and ended in a draw.

Our teacher tells us a great many interesting things in the course of her instruction.

Elton Williams' father is now working on a pilot-boat.

We shall all be glad to see the leaves and flowers again.

Joseph Whalen is showing his appreciation of the opportunity he now has of learning printing by working very hard at his new trade.

Among the good things in a box received by Willie Dixon a few days ago was a big jar of apple jelly, and William's happiness is now pretty nearly complete.

Everybody was glad to see Joseph Higgins when he dropped in to visit us, last Sunday.

There are a few who did not appreciate the splendid oyster supper we had on Friday evening.

MR. RAGNA'S CLASS

If all of the promises of boxes are kept there will be a fine array of them at Easter, for half the children in the school have been promised them.

Plans of our new building are here, and are being inspected with a great deal of interest by every one. We hope to have the building completed by fall, so that the girls will be able to go into it upon their return to school.

We were among the number favored by a visit from the class of Newark boys and girls and it goes without saying that we enjoyed their call.

A number of us attended the services at Trinity Church on Sunday evening and we all greatly enjoyed Mr. Dantzer's sermon.

The last of the girls' uniforms will be finished in a very few days.

Mrs. Markley received letters from Vallie Gunn, Frieda Heuser and Josephine Kulikowski last week. All are well and doing nicely.

Dame Rumor has it that one of the girls is going to give a little Saturday afternoon reception to her class-mates, at her home, some day soon.

In his last journal, John Dugan says, "Education is the only thing that can get me a decent position in life and I'll never get another chance to go to school."

Good philosophy, John.

The girls gave Anna Klepper a pretty manicure set on her birthday.

The subscription list for the benefit of the Girls' Athletic Association that Jessie Casterline is passing around is fast filling up, and the girls soon will have ample funds for all purposes.

Vito Dondiego and Alfred Shaw are the best "stayers" on the basketball team. Either can play at top speed for an hour and be little the worse for wear.

The exchange of photographs is getting to be quite a fad among the pupils.

Fred Ciampaglia, Frank Hoppaugh and Alfred Shaw still hold foremost places among the linotype operators.

We are gradually getting new buildings in the place of the old ones we have used so many years. By next year we shall have our new girls' wing, roomy, comfortable and fire-proof and it will be a most valuable addition.

Roy Hapward has just finished reading "Bits of History" and says it is one of the easiest books to understand that he has read in a long time.

When our second team met the Silent Workers on Saturday it ended its long string of victories, losing by the score of 14 to 7.

On Thursday we went over the hill into the last half of the term.

Alfred Shaw has never gotten over his fondness for the "bike" and is already planning runs for the summer.

There are few of our household who have escaped the visitation of the grip which has been paid during the past winter and some have even had a recurrence of it.

MISS HALES' CLASS

Henry Koehler has a new sled. His mother gave it to him.

Mr. Walker gave some money to Miss Hales. She bought eight small pies. Charles got a knife and gave it to her. She cut them and gave them to us.

A bat flew in the chapel one evening. The girls saw it. The boys did not see it. Mr. Sharp caught it.

February 5th was Theresa Leitner's birthday. Her mother sent a box to her. Miss Hales gave some money to her.

February 1st was Angie Wright's birthday. Miss Cornelius and her mother sent pretty post cards to her. Emma Stager gave two blue ribbons to her.

COOKING ROOM NOTES

The girls have been busy all week learning to make cookies. (We hope no one will ask if all are successful).

Jessie Casterline can make excellent fruit rolls.

Why do the girls so love their cooking?

Owing to Marion Bausman's excellent example in table manners, the children in her charge in the dining room are behaving like very "good goops."

Peggy Renton's "table" is all improving.

Edith Tussey is a splendid housekeeper in her cooking class and also a very good cook.

Marion Apgar and Ruth Ramshaw, in a "class by themselves," are making the most of their opportunity to learn a few extra tricks in cooking, also housekeeping.

Altho it is not yet very warm, we hope we can make some ice cream soon.

We would like to know how to cook everything and to be good cooks and housekeepers.

Some girls made a chocolate layer-cake last week and it tasted very good to us who were fortunate enough to get a sample.

Marion Apgar and Ruth Ramshaw made some cookies Tuesday and they were the best that have been made. They also made some fudge which they did not make at Christmas time.

Ruth Ramshaw.

We would like to make some ice cream when the summer comes.

We all love to cook.

We made five different kinds of candies before we went home last Christmas.

I saved some candies for my mother and brought them home.

I gave them to her and she said that they were very good.

She was very proud of me because I can cook a little.

We would like to know how to cook chicken but we know that it is quite expensive.

We hope that we will have one to cook.

Marion Apgar.

MISS BRIAN'S CLASS

Yesterday morning, Mr. Walker had charge of the morning exercises in the auditorium. He took his text from Luke xviii.

He was talking about the two men that went into the temple to pray. One was a Pharisee and the other a Publican.

The Pharisee stood and prayed and said: "God I thank Thee that I am not as other men are."

And the Publican was standing far off and would not lift up so much as his eyes towards heaven.

The Publican was very poor but the Pharisee was rich.

We enjoyed the talk very much.

Margaret McCloud.

I am a small boy but I can talk and like to learn my lessons every day.

I like geography very much.

I am too small to learn a trade yet.

We will have examinations Monday.

I want to get a high mark—about 98. It will make my father and mother very happy.

Tony Dondiego.

We will have a party on Feb. 10th and I think we will have a good time.

I miss Mary Sommers and I hope she will come to see us on Easter Sunday.

I always will love her.

I did not get a letter from my parents.

I got a box from my parents.

I thanked my parents for my box of good things.

I sent a letter to Mary Sommers last Saturday and I think she would receive it last Monday.

I like to go to school and I am studying Geography, Arithmetic, Language and Speech.

We went to play games last night and we had fun.

I shall go to moving pictures next Saturday.

Anna Uhouse.

Miss Brian took us out for a long walk last Friday afternoon and she bought each one of her little pupils a nice bag of candy. We enjoyed our walk very much and hope she will soon take us again.

I am well and I like it very much in Miss Brian's class as she is very patient with her pupils.

We start our examinations next Monday.

I hope I will make out fine. It will make mother and father very happy.

I am wearing glasses but I do not like them.

My brother Gerald is feeling better but he will not be back to school for some time.

Suzie Nosanow.

Today is Thursday, February 1st, 1917.

The girls went to play basketball last night.

Yesterday was Wednesday.

I like to skate on my roller skates every day and I have much fun with other girls.

Mr. Walker talked to us in chapel about the Pharisees and Publicans. We liked his story very much.

Tomorrow will be Friday.

We were pleased to take a walk out of doors. We think we will have a little party in Miss Brian's school room on February 14th, Valentine's Day.

Next month will be March.

Miss Brian is my teacher.

I am well.

Theresa Pappers.

It is raining today.

Miss Brian took us for a fine walk last Friday afternoon. We had a fine time.

We are studying about the buildings in Trenton now and we enjoy it very much.

Peter Melone.

My cousin in Washington wrote me a long letter last week and he sent me twenty-five cents.

Edwin will soon be back with us. He will come back on Monday. We will all be glad to see him.

I try to be a good boy.

Michael Robertiello.

Today is Thursday, February 1st, 1917.

I am a good boy.

It is not cold today.

The sun is shining today.

Miss Brian is my teacher.

Tomorrow will be Friday.

Yesterday was Wednesday.

I like to go to school.

Edwin Londregan will come back to school Monday we all glad that he is better and we are happy that will be with us again.

Frank Boreale.

My mother sent a box on Tuesday afternoon and when I opened the box I found a big cake with white icing on it. It certainly was very good and I was glad to receive it. We will all be glad to have Edwin back in our class as we all like him very much and we know he will be glad to be with us again. Mr. Walker had a very bad cold last week but we are happy to say it is much better now.

Martha Iverson.

I am eleven years old.

I like to go to school.

My Daddy will come to see me Easter

Sunday and will bring me a lot of good things to eat.

We have pretty Valentines' paper in our class room.

And many hearts' that we cut out.

I am a very good girl.

Anastasia Schultz.

MENDING CLASSES

There is quite a competition in our Mending Department: So far Peggy Renton is in the lead, having mended seventeen shirts and one pair of stockings in one period. Pearl Harris is second with twelve shirts. Next!

Jessie Casterline leads with the stockings—eight pairs with "big holes."

Lillian Leaming is doing some fine repair work on the uniforms, and Edith Tussey is doing most excellent work with the machine.

Kate McKeon can darn sweaters in a way to be proud of.

Ask Katie Brigante, why boys' button their coats from left to right and girls vice versa.

LAUNDRY CLASSES

The girls in the Laundry are finding their new aprons very useful, protecting their middies while they sing "The Song of the Tub."

Among the younger girls Viola Savercool has been doing some excellent ironing.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

At the last meeting of the girls' Athletic Association, new officers were elected as Josie Kulikowski, the former president, did not return to school after the Christmas holiday.

The present officers are:—Ruth Ramshaw, President; Marion Bausman, Vice-President; Peggy Renton, Secretary; Marion Apgar, Treasurer.

The girls are looking forward and practicing hard for their games with the Y. W. C. A. basket ball team on Saturday evening February 17th, at the Y. W. C. A. and with a team from the High School on Monday afternoon February 19th, at the Junior High school.

The teachers' team has finally materialized and played its first game with the girls Tuesday evening February 6th. The score was 13-7 in favor of the girls.

BOYS' ATHLETIC NOTES

The Feds were completely outclassed by our midjets with a score of 60 to 7. "Pat" Agnew and Ernest DeLaura each scored enough points to defeat the Feds. R. Gibbs, for the losers, played a very good game.

Our Junior team figured in a well played game on the Franklin court. Their opponents were the strong Calvary Tigers and the fact that the score was 8-5 in favor of the Tigers shows how the boys fought for every point. Many shots, that might have been counters, were spoiled by the close guarding and if the referee had so desired he would have called twice as many fouls and thus made the scores larger, perhaps.

In their first game since the holidays the Silent Workers were defeated by the Central Y. M. C. A. seniors with a score of 44-22. Our boys had no chance with the Y. M. C. A. boys as we have never played A. A. U. rules and the Y. M. C. A. team was made up of former stars several years our seniors and had been playing together for some time. Fell, roswitz and Penrose, a

former Eastern League player starred for the winners while Pease and Shaw were the silent stars.

DORMITORY BASKETBALL LEAGUE

The No. 2 team is plowing through the league in an easy fashion. Up to date they are credited with nine straight wins and no team has beaten them. The other three teams are all tied for second place with 3 victories and 6 losses against them. It is almost a certainty that the team No. 2 will occupy the 1st place at the finish as they would have to lose every game from now on in order to be displaced.

Team No. 1 is handicapped by the illness of their captain Randall McClelland. It is hoped that he will be back in the game in a short time.

Teams No. 1, 3 and 4 are fighting nip and tuck for second place and it would be no easy matter to guess the result of their close race.

As the result of the last few games a youngster, Ernest De Laura has shown possibilities of developing into a star. He is fearless and has an eagle eye, shooting them in from all angles.

Owing to the infantile paralysis and diphtheria quarantines the Silent Workers Srs. and Jrs. have played very few games, but have made a good showing in those they have played.

The following is their record up to date:—

Silent Workers Srs.—9	Young Judaea—8
Silent Workers Srs.—24	Moax Club—8
Silent Workers Srs.—35	Pennington Sem'y—54
Silent Workers Srs.—25	Adelphia Club—21
Silent Workers Srs.—11	Bordentown M'ry—20

Games are yet to be played with the Central and Wilbur Y. M. C. A., Rider Moore, Art School, Bordentown Military Institute and the Mt. Airy School for the Deaf.

Silent Workers Jrs.—10	Young Judaea Jrs.—8
Silent Workers Jrs.—27	Troop No. 20 B. S.—9
Silent Workers Jrs.—15	Troop No. 20 B. S.—10

Games are to be played with the Art School Jrs., Calvary Tigers, and the Mt. Airy School for the Deaf Jrs. team.

BASKETBALL LEAGUE NOTES

Hurrah! Hurrah!! Team No. 2 has lost a game after winning ten straight, but it was only done with the aid of "Al" Shaw playing with Team No. 1 in the place of one of the players who was ill.

The race for second place is still to be decided and with five more games to be played it would be a very hard guess to choose the winner.

The league standing at present is:—

	W.	L.	Pts.
Capt. Pease Team No. 2.....	10	1	.909
Capt. Dondiego Team No. 4.....	5	6	.455
Capt. McClelland Team No. 1.....	4	7	.364
Capt. Hapward Team No. 3.....	3	8	.273

With the finish of the basketball season close at hand, we can look back and see what the benefits of the league were. It has given about thirty boys a chance to play or learn to play the game otherwise only twelve or thirteen boys would be deriving any benefits from the gym. The league games have taught the boys to control their tempers. The boys learn to use their heads as well as their bodies and a good basketball player must have an accurate eye. Thus it is clearly shown that any organization, that promotes a game which tends to develop every organ in the body of so great a number of youngsters, should be aided in every way and not be allowed to die at

the close of the season. It is our wish and hope that the league will be started anew next season and that, perhaps, we may have a baseball league run on a similar basis.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

The Christmas Carol by Charles Dickens is one of the best and most popular of Christmas stories.

It is the story of a man whose heart had become hardened in business until he became a miser loving no one. The name Scrooge fits him very well.

Scrooge is introduced to us in his counting house one afternoon as he grudgingly gives his clerk the holidays off, closes up his office and goes home to his dingy room.

The night before Christmas he is visited by three Ghosts. The ghosts completely reform the old miser who makes the following resolution:

I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the past, the present, and the future. The spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach.

Robert Van Sickle.

BOYS' DORMITORY NOTES

Several boys are missing from our ranks and it is hoped that they will return in the near future, otherwise it will be impossible for them to catch up with their class work.

Salvatore Maggio has given up his printing and is now learning tailoring under the tutorage of Miss Smyth.

Many of the boys are learning to use the needle in sewing on buttons on their uniforms.

Gerald Nosanow is now at his home underdoing medical treatment.

Douglas Richard's mother sent many goodies on his birthday which was celebrated with a party by Miss Fitts and her class. Wish we all had birthday parties.

Henri Coene receives a box of candy and a letter almost every other day.

John Ammerman's father paid him a visit last Monday. Mr. Ammerman is a member of the legislature.

Frank Hoppaugh and Fred Ciampaglia are an industrious pair. They would rather work than play basketball, thus each is richer by about two dollars. Keep it up and you will get there.

About twenty-five boys went to the moving pictures Wednesday night and they were entertained with the three classes of movies, drama, slapstick comedy and the blood and thunder detective mystery show, yet Jesse Still fell asleep and snored.

Joseph Whalen is becoming a real pedestrian. He walks at least a half hour daily. Wonder why? One day Joe failed to walk and on being asked the reason, replied: "One of the smaller boys woke me at 6:20 this morning."

Lewis Carr recently demonstrated his ability as a drill master and the antics of his soldiers nearly drove the spectators into fits of laughter.

Alfred Shaw bought a bicycle from the Mead Cycle Co., but they made a mistake and sent it to his home instead of the school.

Albert Corello is now helping Mr. Newcomb at the meat counter. Albert surely will be able to make a living. A butcher and baker, now he must learn to be a candle stick maker.

And the career of one who climbs up out of a ditch to be governor should afford much cheer to the aspiring young men.—*The Better Citizen*.

VISITS FROM THE GOVERNOR AND COMMITTEES

Just as we go to press, almost too late, in fact, to tell it in the proper news columns, we were given the honor of a visit by Governor Edge accompanied by a committee composed of Messrs. Rice, Synnot, Craven and Ackerman of the State Board of Education, on Thursday morning, Feb. 15th. This was a special committee recently appointed to inspect our building conditions and needs, along with those of the other schools under the same Board, with special reference to fire protection.

We were also honored during the same week with a visit from Messrs. Ammerman and Egan of the House Committee of the State Legislature on the School for the Deaf and are yet looking for a similar visit from the Appropriations Committee of the Legislature. All of these inspections, in time we sincerely hope, will bear fruit in the direction of the much needed new buildings and equipment for which we are most earnestly praying.

The Agricultural Column

By EDWARD E. RAGNA



THIS is the beginning of the Agricultural Column which we hope to publish in every issue of the Silent Worker. The purpose of this column is to encourage and interest the deaf in agriculture.

We intend to have a hot bed and show the pupils in the newly formed agricultural classes how to start tomato, celery, pepper, cabbage and many other plants in the hot beds, so that these plants will be several inches tall when they are transplanted in the gardens.

The growing season in New Jersey is too short for these plants to be grown from seeds in the garden. We are arranging to have several small gardens for pupils in which flowers and vegetables will be raised. It is very important for the pupils to learn how to raise vegetables in these days when the price of everything is so high. To possess the knowledge of how to raise vegetables makes one feel more independent.

Most of the aversion to becoming farmers which exists among the deaf is due to false pride when it is not due to laziness. Formerly in contempt the farmers were called "Rubes" and "Greenhorns," today in envy they are called "Land Barons." Agriculture is not the trade for the lazy or those guided by false pride. People of these classes should stay in the city and regularly hand over their surplus cash to their grocers and eventually to the farmers. It is well to notice that the older one grows the more favorable is his attitude towards agriculture even though that person may have no intention of giving up his present occupation.

Agriculture is the most independent occupation of all. The man who owns a small farm is independent and has no boss. He can run things to his liking. He does not have to crawl on his knees and ask his boss for one or two days off when he needs them. He is indeed a free man in a free country, and is subject only to the laws of the government; the laws of nature, and the principles of agriculture; yet he feeds the nation and agriculture is still the mother of all other occupations. Good crops or bad crops will decide for all other occupations whether the year will be a prosperous one or not. There is not one occupation from banking to munition manufacturing which is not affected by good or poor crops either through the amount of business or through the employee's pocketbook.

As a man's salutations, so is the total of his character; in nothing do we lay ourselves so open as in our manner of meeting and salutation.—*Lavater*.

FOR OUR LITTLE PEOPLE

Conducted by Frances H. Porter

CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY

NOTED BIRTHDAYS

February 7th, Charles Dickens.
February 8th, Sherman.
February 11th, Thomas Edison.
February 12th, Abraham Lincoln.
February 14th, St. Valentine's Day.
February 22nd, George Washington.
February 22nd, James R. Lowell.
February 27th, Henry W. Longfellow.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This is a true story about a great man.
His name is Abraham Lincoln.
His birthday comes on February 12.
When he was a little boy he was very poor.
He lived in a log house. His father built the house, and little Abraham helped him.
The house was in the woods, far away from every one.
There was no school house. So little Abraham could not go to school.
How do you think he learned to read?
His mother taught him to read.
There were only a few books for Abraham to read. So he would read each one over and over again.
Abraham's mother would tell him stories too.

What story do you think he liked best?
It was the story about George Washington.
But by and by a schoolhouse was built.
How happy Abraham was, for now he could go to school. He was the happiest boy in the world.

His teacher lent him books, and helped Abraham all he could.

After school Abraham had work to do.
When the work was done, he read his books.
He would lie down before the fire and study hard.

His father was too poor to buy paper, so he wrote on a wooden shovel. Would you like to write on a wooden shovel?

Sometimes the family were so hungry that Abraham would have to take his gun and go hunting for birds and squirrels in the woods. He did not like to hurt the little animals, but it was the only way to get food.

Abraham grew to be a good man.

He was always honest and brave.

He was always trying to help others.

He liked to make others happy.

There came a time of great trouble in our country.

The people said "We need a wise man for our leader."

So Lincoln was elected president.

He went to Washington and lived in the White House.

He was president at the time of the great war between the North and the South.

During all that time he was just the wise leader that our country needed.

By his life he showed how every man should love and serve his country.

SAINT VALENTINE

February 14th will be Saint Valentine's Day.
Saint Valentine lived many years ago.
He was very kind to the poor and sick people.

He loved children.

When he was old, he could not go to see the people.

He wrote letters to them.

Saint Valentine's birthday was February 14.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Who was our first president?

I am sure you all know his name,—

GEORGE WASHINGTON

His birthday comes in February.
It comes on February twenty-second.
Once he was a little boy.
He liked to play just as you do.
He liked to play soldier.



George Washington

Sometimes he would be the captain.

He liked to ride horseback.

Do you like to run races?

Well, George Washington did too. He went to school, and there he learned to read and write and spell.

His mother taught him to speak the truth. She taught him to obey his father and mother.

Washington grew tall and strong. He said "I must be a help to my mother. I should like to be a sailor." He wanted to sail away over the sea. His mother said "No, I cannot let you go. I need my son at home with me." So Washington went back to school and studied hard.

One day a friend said "George Washington is a fine young man. I want him to take care of my lands."

Now these lands were in the woods. They were far away from any town or city. There were miles and miles of land where no white man had been before.

There were many Indians in the woods.

Do you think that Washington was afraid?

Oh, no, he was strong and brave.

He went and marked out the land.

He learned to know the Indians too.

Whatever he did, he did well.

Some day you will go to Cambridge and see the place where Washington stood so many years ago.

How the soldiers loved their new general! We love him too. We call him the "Father of our Country."

For eight long years Washington was the leader of our soldiers. At last the war was over and the soldiers went back to their homes.

Washington went to his home at Mt. Vernon, Virginia.

Mt. Vernon is a beautiful place on the banks of the Potomac River. He wanted to stay at home now and live the quiet life of a farmer.

But our country still needed a leader.

There was no one so loved and trusted by all the people as George Washington.

One day our soldiers needed a leader.

Whom do you think they chose?

I know that you will all say the right name.

They chose George Washington.

They made him their general.

Most of the soldiers were in Cambridge.

So Washington went to Cambridge.

All the soldiers were glad to see him.

They shouted for joy.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! They cheered him again and again.

Washington stood under an elm tree.

We now call it the "Washington elm."

So he was chosen to be our first president.

He left his beautiful home in Virginia and started for New York. New York was the capital of our country then.

It took Washington a long time to reach New York. The people all wanted to show how much they loved their first president.

Wherever he went he was received with shouts of joy and gladness.

We like to think of George Washington as—

First in war,

First in peace,

First in the hearts of his country men.

BETSY ROSS AND OUR FLAG

Would you like to hear another story about George Washington?

Here is one about him and our flag.

Our country did not have any flag. Washington said "We must have a flag."

He went with some other men to see a lady whose name was Betsy Ross.

Washington said "We want you to help us, Mrs. Ross."

We want you to make a flag for our country."

Washington said "We want thirteen stripes, —six white stripes and seven red ones. In the corner we want a blue field. Put a star for each state."

Here is a pattern for the stars." Washington's star had six points. Mrs. Ross looked at the pattern. She shook her head. She said, "The stars in the sky have five points." Washington liked her pattern better. So the stars on our flag have five points. The flag that Mrs. Ross made was our first flag.

Now there are many stars on our flag. Do you know how many stars there are?

If you do, you know how many states there are. There is a star for every state.

What is the name of your state?

Do you know what the flag tells us?

Red tells us to be brave.

White tells us to be pure.

Blue tells us to be true.

FEBRUARY

February is the shortest month in the year.

The days grow longer in February.

The Christmas holidays are all over.

We have sudden snowstorms in February.

The snowflakes come out of a cold gray sky.

They look like white feathers.

The wind whirls the snowflakes about.

They make great drifts out in the street.

The snow makes a warm covering for the flowers.

All winter the flowers sleep under it.

In hot countries there is no snow.

BE CAREFUL

"Be careful in what you think,

Be careful in what you say,

Be careful in what you do,

And you'll have a happy day."

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

The fourteenth of February, as every boy and girl should know, is St. Valentine's day. I suppose each of you hope to receive at least one Valentine, but how many know who St. Valentine was, or why we celebrate his birthday? Not very many of you, probably know, so I will tell you the story as I found it in "Primary Education."

"Long ago there lived a priest by the name of Valentine. This good man was noted in all the country round for his kindness. He nursed the sick, comforted the sorrowing and was always ready to give help to any one who was in need. Valentine dearly loved the children, and those who went to him for food or clothes were never turned away. After this kind priest became too old to go about among his people, he was very sad because he could no longer be of any help to them. Then he remembered that he could write loving messages to the sick and sorrowing. Soon his friends began to watch for the kind words which were sure to come whenever sorrow or gladness entered their homes. Even the little children would say when they were sick, "I think Father Valentine will send me a letter to-day." But after a time no more letters were received and soon the news was abroad that good old Valentine was dead. Then every one said that such a kind man was good enough to be called a saint and from that day to this he has been known as St. Valentine.

"It was not long before people began to keep his birthday, by sending loving messages to their friends. The notes and letters containing these messages were called Valentines."

St. Valentine lived a great many years ago but we still celebrate his birthday by sending messages of love to our friends. If we can do anything to make these happier on that day we will be doing as St. Valentine himself would do if he were among us still.—*Selected.*

A STORY ABOUT A BLACKSMITH

Once I visited a blacksmith shop. The blacksmith was getting ready to shoe a horse, so I was just in time to see him begin.

First he took the old shoes off the horse, then he cleaned the foot and dressed it ready for the new shoe. He then fit the shoe to the foot. When he tries the new shoe on and it doesn't fit he puts it back into the fire, lets it get red hot, then he bends it while it is hot to fit the foot. Sometimes he has to cut off part of the shoe to make it fit. Before he puts the shoe on he puts it into a tub of water to cool it. The shoe is fastened to the foot by nails called horse shoe nails. These shoes last about four months. They are a great protection to the horse's foot and most people are very careful about keeping their horses well shod. The blacksmith told me many things about horses and about his shop.—*The Progressive Teacher.*

THE SHADOW

Ned was a little boy. One day he ran out into the sunshine and played. He saw his shadow on the grass. He stopped to look at it and it stopped too. He clapped his hands. He ran and danced around and the shadow danced with him. Then he sat down on the grass to rest and the little shadow sat down near him. When Ned went in to supper he told his mother about the shadow.

After supper he could not find his shadow.—*Selected.*

I chose my wife, as she did her wedding gown, for qualities that would wear well.—*Goldsmith.*

THE SPICE BOX

By HARRY E. STEVENS.



THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

The secret of success is not a secret. Nor is it something new. Nor is it something hard to secure. To become more successful, become more efficient. Do little things better. So work that you will require less supervision. The less supervision is needed by the person who makes the fewest mistakes. Do what you can do and should do for the institution for which you are working, and do it in the right way and the size of your income will take care of itself. Let your aim ever be to better the work you are doing. But remember always that you can not better the work you are doing without bettering yourself. The thoughts that you think, the words that you speak, and the deeds you perform are making you either better or worse.—By Thomas Drier.

—*

IT PAYS

If you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him. If he pays you wages that supply you your bread and butter, work for him, speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him and stand by the institution he represents. I think if I worked for a man, I WOULD work for him. I would not work for him a part of HIS time, but ALL OF HIS TIME. I WOULD GIVE AN UNDIVIDED SERVICE OR NONE. If put to the pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness. If you must vilify, condemn and eternally disparage, why, resign your position and when you are outside, DAMN to your heart's content. But, I pray you, so long as you are a part of an institution, do not condemn it. Not that it will injure the institution—not that—but when you disparage the concern of which you are a part you disparage yourself. And don't forget—"I forgot"—won't do in business.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

—*

WATCH YOURSELF GO BY

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by: Think of yourself as "he" instead of "I". Note closely, as in other men you note, The bag-kneed trousers and the seedy coat. Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you, And strive to make your estimate right and true. Confront yourself and look in the eye, Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

Interpret all your motives just as though You looked on one whose aims you did not know. Let undisguised contempt surge thru you when You see you shirk. O commonest of men, Despise your cowardice; condemn whate'er You note of falseness in you anywhere. Defend not one defect that shames your eye, Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

And then, with eyes unveiled to what you loathe— To sins that with sweet charity you'd clothe— Back to your self-walled tenement you'll go With tolerance for all who dwell below. The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink, Love's chain grow stronger by one mighty link— When you with "he," as substitute for "I" Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

—Author Unknown.

—*

OPPORTUNITY

With doubt and dismay you are smitten, You think there's no chance for you, son? Why, the best books haven't been written, The best race hasn't been run; The best score hasn't been made yet, The best song hasn't been sung; The best tune hasn't been played yet, Cheer up, for the world is young!

No chance? Why the world is just eager For things that you ought to create; Its store of true wealth is still meager, Its needs are incessant and great; It yearns for more power and beauty, More laughter and love and romance; More loyalty, labor and duty; No chance—why there's nothing but chance!

For the best verse hasn't been rhymed yet, The best house hasn't been planned; The highest peak hasn't been climbed yet, The mightiest rivers aren't spanned. Don't worry and fret, faint hearted, The chances have just begun. For the best jobs haven't been started, The best work hasn't been done.

—B. Braley.

—*

AN OPENING

"Got an opening for me here?" asked the college graduate, walking into the busy man's office. "Certainly," responded the employer pleasantly. "Close it as you go out."—*Bilchaco.*

As the language of the face is universal, so 'tis very comprehensive; no laconism can reach it; 'tis the short-hand of the mind, and crowds a great deal in a little room.—*Jeremy Collier.*

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Total to date.....	\$102.30

*Pledges

The above sum, except the amounts in the custody of Messrs. Cascella, Black and Atkinson, members of the Committee, is on deposit in a Trenton Savings Bank drawing three per cent interest.

All contributions will be acknowledged in the Bulletins that follow.

For the benefit of those who favor a bronze tablet or sculptured bust of Mr. Jenkins, artists with whom I have talked say that the first named would cost in the neighborhood of \$250, while a bust would cost from \$1500 up. It is up to the New Jersey deaf to decide at the next convention the form of memorial they desire and the sum to be raised.

Up to date the following bids have been received:

1. Mr. Jacques Alexander Life-size Portrait in oil, \$125.00.
2. Mr. Albert V. Ballin, Life-size Pastel Portrait, for only what the materials cost him.
3. Mr. A. L. Pach, Life-size Portrait, \$50.00. Mr. Pach suggests the creating of a Jenkins's Memorial Prize Fund for the benefit of the pupils of the New Jersey School.
4. Mr. Elmer Hannan, 18"x25" bronze tablet with portrait of Mr. Jenkins and such an amount of letterings to record his praiseworthy deeds, \$185.00

Other artists are invited to bid. Ideas and suggestions will be gladly received by the undersigned.

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